

NAMES OF BEAUTY PRIZE WINNERS ON MONDAY

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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One Penny.

RACEHORSE OWNER'S CLAIM AGAINST JOCKEY



Mr. H. J. Boam arriving at the Law Courts with Mr. George Hyams, who trained Ironore and who gave evidence at the hearing yesterday.

An unusual turf lawsuit attracted racing people yesterday, when the hearing of the action brought by Mr. H. J. Boam against the jockey, Michael Beary, in connection with the death of Mr. Boam's racehorse, Ironore, was begun in Mr. Justice Darling's court.

—PUBLIC INTEREST IN YESTERDAY'S FUNCTION



Major and Lady Griffin were among those invited to yesterday's brilliant function at the Palace.



Sir Alfred and Lady Yeo entering Buckingham Palace to attend the garden party.

ROYAL GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE—



A portion of the crowd which gathered outside Buckingham Palace to watch the arrival of the distinguished guests at the royal gathering.

There was a brilliant gathering at Buckingham Palace yesterday, when the King and Queen gave their garden party. Distinguished members of the Corps Diplomatique and

The Victoria Memorial made an excellent grand stand from which to see the arrivals.

prominent personalities of the political world were among the throng that moved about the cool lawns. The dainty dresses of the women added to the gaiety of the spectacle.

JOCKEY SUED BY RACEHORE OWNER.

£800 Claim Against Beary for Ironore's Death.

'FOUL RIDING' STORY Lord Durham in Witness Box—Judge's Paper "Mounts."

A remarkable lawsuit over the death of a racehorse during a race at Kempton Park opened in the King's Bench Division yesterday, Michael Beary, the jockey of another horse in the race, being sued for £800.

Mr. Henry J. Boam, of Hove, the plaintiff, alleged that Beary, on Golly Eyes, caused Ironore (owned by Mr. Boam) to collide with the rail's, causing fatal injuries. Beary denied negligence. Many famous racing men were present and Lord Londsdale occupied a seat on the bench beside Mr. Justice Darling.

When the race was described to him the Judge announced that he was following it by means of "paper horses." The hearing was adjourned.

FIGHT FOR "POSITION."

Ironore's Jockey Tells How Beary Passed Him Near Rails.

Mr. L. Thomas, for Mr. Boam, described the Fulwell Selling Plate, in which Ironore was killed, and was dealing with the position of the horses, when Mr. Justice Darling remarked that he had made slips of paper to represent the runners and would "follow" the race by moving them.

Mr. Boam was the first witness. He said he saw the race and watched the horse fall.

Mr. Hastings: Have you ever heard in your life of a man bringing an action like this?—I have not heard of a similar action being brought, but I don't remember a similar incident.

You race for sport, and wish to be judged as a sportsman—quite. Are you proud of yourself for bringing this action? Is it a creditable thing to do?—Yes. My reason for bringing it is that when one man is convicted by the racing authorities, I can't remember a similar incident.



Justice Darling.

Mr. Justice Darling: We can't have that. Mr. Boam: A man is convicted of foul riding by the competent authorities, any action taken against him to prevent its recurrence is thoroughly justified.

"MADE THE RUNNING."

Mr. Boam denied that, speaking to Mr. Herbert Smyth on the telephone, he had asked him to swear that Ironore was worth £700.

"I made the running for about 100 yards," said Lane, Ironore's jockey. "Then Gardiner passed me on the inside. At that I dropped on to the rails behind him. We had gone about a furlong and a half when Beary came alongside my mount. After he had got a good neck or half a length in front of me he pulled in to take the rails, and in doing so brought me down. I knew I had to fall."

"In crossing my mare struck the hind quarters of Golly Eyes, as my mare had no room on the rails. When the mare fell I hardly knew what became of me, but I rolled clear."

Mr. Thomas called for witness' written complaint to the Stewards to be produced, and Mr. Dawkins, the clerk of the course at Kempton, handed it in. It read:—

I report Beary for crossing and jostling and interfering with my horse.—F. Lane.

Jockeys, said Lane, sometimes talked to each other at the bend if they wanted more room.

"YOU SILLY GOOSE."

Mr. Justice Darling: What do they say? Please give me a little more room. (Laughter). Mr. Hastings: Or "You silly goose, don't come so close."

Lord Durham said he was one of the acting stewards at Kempton Park. An inquiry was held and Beary was reported to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who suspended him from riding till August 11 on the ground of foul riding.

Mr. Hastings: Bumping, crossing and fouling generally come from a keenness to win—Witness: Yes, I should think so.

Victor Smyth, who rode the winner in the race, said that the nearer the horses got to the turn where the accident happened "the more we bumped each other."

"Richards bumped Fox. Fox bumped me, and I bumped Beary," he added.

10,000 'PHONE CALLS MISTAKES.

It was stated at the Court of Common Council yesterday that when the Corporation's auditor informed the Postmaster-General that the charge for their 'phone calls was £50 heavier than it should be he was told it was not his business.

Having discovered that an error of 10,000 calls had been made in casting up, the Postmaster became exceedingly nice and apologised.

"BEAUTIES OF 1923."

Readers of "Daily Mirror" Decide Who They Are.

VERDICT ON MONDAY.

Who are the "Beauties of 1923"? The decision of more than half a million readers of *The Daily Mirror* on this interesting question will be revealed in Monday's Final Beauty number, which will contain many charming photographic studies of the three entrants in our £2,500 Beauty Competition who have been selected by popular vote as the prizewinners.

This special number will also contain an important announcement of interest to every competitor whose photograph was selected for publication during the ten weeks of the contest. Those who took part in the voting will be anxious to learn exactly how many votes the three prizewinners received, and who was the lucky reader to send in the best forecast and win the £500 voting prize. That secret will also be revealed on Monday.

So great has been the interest in the contest that the demand for Monday's issue of *The Daily Mirror* is certain to be unusually heavy. Wise readers will ask their newsgents to-day to save a copy for them.

£125 DRUGS PENALTY.

West End Chemist Who Supplied Morphine on Forged Prescription.

For supplying morphine sulphate and atropine sulphate without having taken reasonable steps to satisfying himself that the prescription was genuine, Alfred John, chemist, Wigmore-street, W., was fined £100 and £25 costs at London Sessions yesterday.

It was stated that the drugs had been supplied to a man who had forged a doctor's name to prescriptions.

PRINCE'S DAY AT SHOW

Takes Two Prizes While the King Takes Five at Welshpool.

After planting an oak tree at Powis Castle yesterday morning the Prince of Wales opened the Royal Agricultural Show at Welshpool, where he was given a warm welcome.

The Prince won two prizes and the King took five firsts.

Stopping at the stand of the North Wales Home for Teaching the Blind, the Prince was presented with a pair of cream silk socks made by Bessie Griffiths, a blind girl.

On Wednesday next the Prince will visit Nottingham, and his tour will include a drive through big colliery centres of the county.

The visit of Prince Henry greatly stimulated interest in the Yorkshire show at Sheffield yesterday, and at 10 a.m. there were 3,000 people waiting to greet his Royal Highness.

AGED MAN'S £3,000 BAIL.

78-Year-Old Dealer Sent for Trial on Charges of Receiving.

When Israel Meyers, the seventy-eight-year-old general dealer, of Holland-grove, Brixton, again appeared at Lambeth Police Court yesterday, it was alleged that articles found on his premises had now been identified as the proceeds of housebreaking cases in thirteen London districts.

Meyers was committed for trial on a charge of receiving, and allowed bail at £3,000. The total value of the goods was stated to be between £2,000 and £3,000.

Detective-Sergeant Divers stated that, when he was told that the property found on his premises was believed to have been stolen, Meyers replied, "Some of the stuff may be on the cross, but I did not break into houses to steal it. I am a dealer and buy anything cheap."

DEATH MYSTERY SOLVED

Jury's Verdict on Chelsea Woman—"Died from Natural Causes."

The death of Beatrice Maud Pepperrell—which occurred under somewhat mysterious circumstances, bruises having been found on her throat—Smith-street, Chelsea, was investigated yesterday, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of Death from natural causes.

The coroner said, in consequence of marks on her throat, a man had been detained.

Arthur Tully, a clerk, living in Smith-street, Chelsea, described the finding of the body. He said that Mrs. Pepperrell and the man who lived with her were known as "Mr. and Mrs. Johnson." The couple used to quarrel, and they had a "row" on Saturday morning.

Dr. Stephen Lee, police divisional surgeon, stated that death, in his view, was due to syncope owing to heart failure.

Aert Johnson said: "I don't know what did happen really. She started kicking up a row."

OPERATION ON EXPRESS.

While the 9.30 a.m. boat train express from Paddington to Weymouth yesterday was travelling at full speed, Herbert Barker performed an operation on Mr. A. G. Copeland of Sydney, Australia. An anæsthetic was administered and Mr. Copeland's knee was operated upon.

AIRSHIPS SCHEME.

Government to Develop a Commercial Service.

BI-WEEKLY JOURNEYS.

The Government has decided to resume the development of airships, Sir Samuel Hoare announced in the Commons yesterday, and will proceed, if possible, by means of a commercial service rather than by State operations.

Sir Samuel Hoare said that the question of airship development had recently been considered by the Committee of Imperial Defence and the Imperial Shipping Committee.

The Committee of Imperial Defence attached considerable importance to the strategic value of airships, while the Imperial Shipping Committee considered that it was by means of airship services that the carriage of mails to the Far East and Australia could most cheaply be expedited.

A proposal had been placed before them by Commander Burney under which a bi-weekly service of six large airships would eventually be set up.

The Government had accepted this scheme in principle, subject to the details of the contracts being settled by the Treasury.

The House of Commons would have an opportunity of considering the scheme when the details had been sufficiently agreed to.

The administration of the scheme, in so far as it was a matter of commercial aviation, would come under the Air Ministry.

4 KILLED IN PIT TRAM.

Extraordinary Escape of 108 More Miners from Fall of Roof.

Four men were killed and two injured by a fall of coal in a pit belonging to the Empire Colliery, Glynnneath, Glamorgan.

One hundred and twelve men were proceeding along the colliery in eighteen trams when an ominous rumble was heard, and this was followed by a fall of roof, consisting of many tons, which completely buried the twelfth tram, in which were six men.

The others immediately went to the rescue, but it was two hours before the fall could be cleared. It was extraordinary that the other trams escaped.

VILLA AS PETS' HOME.

Model House with Rooms for Pip, Squeak and Wilfred—Their Tour.

For the latter part of their 1,000-mile tour round the East and South Coast Pip, Squeak and Wilfred will occupy a new travelling house—a wonderful little "villa" equipped with all sorts of wonders.

The house will contain three large rooms for the dog, penguin and rabbit, each room well lighted with lattice windows. Pip and Squeak will each have their own front doors, but Wilfred will enter by a back door. He will be compensated for this, however, by possessing his own private staircase.

Children will be thrilled to hear that this wonderful house will be lighted by electricity, and if you wish to call on Squeak you ring the electric bell at her front door.

The travelling pets start their tour at Scarborough on Monday next, visiting Filey and Bridlington on the following day.

BEACH DRAMA.

Man and Woman Found Strapped Together—"Walked Into Sea."

While patrolling the beach at Hastings in the early hours of yesterday morning, a policeman discovered a man and woman lying strapped together.

They were in an exhausted condition, and artificial respiration had to be applied before they could be removed to hospital.

Rain was falling heavily at the time, and the weather very stormy.

They were Gladys Hollies, aged twenty-six, of Borden, Sittingbourne, and George Watts, a married man, aged thirty-six, of Cambridge-road, St. Albans.

Later they were charged with attempting suicide and remanded. Watts, it was stated, told the policeman that they walked into the sea up to their necks, but were washed back.

ORDER YOUR COPIES NOW.

On Monday "The Daily Mirror" will publish a special 20-page Beauty Number containing photographic studies of the three prizewinners in our £2,500 Beauty Competition. The name of the winner of the £500 Forecast Prize will also be announced.

Tuesday's *Daily Mirror* will be a Special Goodwood Number—full of pictures and news of fashions, owners and jockeys at this famous meeting.

They were charged with attempting suicide and remanded. Watts, it was stated, told the policeman that they walked into the sea up to their necks, but were washed back.

RACECOURSE BLAZE.

Two hours before the opening of the Jersey race yesterday, members of an English racecourse gang sprinkled the totalisator with petrol and burnt it to the ground.

WHEN PARENTS BULLY CUPID.

Our Readers on Interference in Love Affairs.

GIRL TYPIST'S STORY

"My Life and His Spoilt by a Meddling Mother."

Should parents intervene in their children's love affairs? This question was raised in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, and few problems—judging from the letter-bag—have aroused such universal interest.

Arguments for and against parental interference have evidently been hotly advanced in drawing-rooms, factories and business offices.

One girl typist suggests a note of tragedy. "My life," she writes, "and I believe that of the man to whom I was engaged have been spoilt by a meddling mother."

There seem to be as many supporters for parental "influence" as against. The question, at any rate, is recognised by all to be of the greatest social importance.

WOMAN J.P.'s VIEWS.

"Young People Think That They Know Everything."

Letters taking divergent views on the subject of parental interference in love affairs began to arrive at midday yesterday, and it is generally recognised, in view of the always increasing number of applications for separations and divorce, that the matter is one bound up with the social well-being of the country.

No one, perhaps, is more entitled to speak on this aspect than Mrs. Margaret Wynne Nevins, the woman J.P. for Hampstead.

"The point you have raised is a very interesting one," she told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. "Our inbred belief in liberty prompts all of us, I suppose, to insist on the right of falling in love with whom we will."

"In any case, parents have no legal control over their children as soon as they come of age. Yet it is an appalling thing to me to find so many young people coming into court for separations."

PATHOS OF BROKEN HOMES.

"Only the other day I had the case of a young girl of twenty-two, whose husband has left her with their baby. She is now threatening to obtain a divorce."

No doubt the parents of many of these ill-matched couples did not approve of the wedding and did their best to prevent it. Young people, however, have a way of thinking they know everything, and so we have the pathetic daily spectacle of homes broken up by a process in the courts."

Among the many letters received by *The Daily Mirror* is one from a girl typist, who takes the opposite view.

"My own life, and, I truly believe, that of the man to whom I was to become engaged," she writes, "have been spoilt by a meddling mother. We were both intensely happy during our unofficial engagement, but as soon as anything definite was mooted his mother apparently conceived an intense dislike for me."

"She made his life at home a perfect misery, and at last she succeeded in her aim of parting us."

"I cannot altogether blame him for breaking down under the strain, for he was his mother's sole support."

BOYS RAID CHURCHES.

Robberies Include Mission Hall, Creche and House.

When four boys were charged at Hove yesterday with theft, it was stated that they visited four churches, a mission hall and a creche, stealing money and articles.

Finally they entered a private house, and raided the larder.

The three oldest were ordered to be banded, and the youngest was bound over.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Weather Forecast.—Unsettled in the North; mainly fair in the South. Lighting-up time, 9.55 p.m.

Central Leeds polled yesterday. The result will be declared to-day.

Betting Tax Committee.—The Betting Tax Committee decided yesterday to hear no more evidence.

Dreyfus Case Echo.—M. Quénay de Beaurepaire, who played a leading part in the Dreyfus case, has died.—Reuter.

Sir Charles Hawtree, suffering from a chill, is in a London nursing home, but will resume his part at the Criterion Theatre next week.

Tennis Ball Kills Hippo.—Ceecko, the largest hippopotamus in America, has died from swallowing a tennis ball thrown by a Zoo visitor at Cincinnati.—Reuter.

Woman in Sea.—Sophia White, sixty-three, of Denmark S.E., was found in the sea yesterday at Southsea, with her pockets full of stones. She is in hospital.

ALLIES SENDING REPLY TO BRITAIN IN 48 HOURS

Agreement Reached on Fundamental Points Between France and Belgium.

LORD CURZON MEETS M. POINCARE NEXT WEEK

Counter-Proposals from Paris and Brussels with Aim to Negotiate on Reparations.

France and Belgium have reached agreement on fundamental principles concerning the British reparations plan.

They are sending separate replies to-morrow or Sunday. These will be framed in friendly and conciliatory terms, with the object of continuing negotiations and aiming at eventual agreement regarding the answer to the last German offer. Counter-proposals are foreshadowed.

It is the view of the Allies that there should be nothing in that reply that might be considered a capitulation or a desire to bargain with Berlin.

The significant announcement was made last night that Lord Curzon on his way through Paris next week will confer with M. Poincaré, who will probably be accompanied by M. Theunis, the Belgian Premier.

FRANCO-BELGIAN REPLY SITTING ON THE CHEST TO-MORROW OR SUNDAY. OF BRITISH TRADE.

Separate Views on British Retort to German Offer. M.P.s on Over-Taxation as Cause of Depression.

NO BARGAINING WITH BERLIN

It was announced in Paris yesterday that conversations between the French and Belgian Governments have resulted in agreement in principle as to the tenor of the reply to be made to the British Note outlining the proposed reply to the last German offer on reparations.

M. Poincaré again conferred with the Belgian Ambassador and the Italian Ambassador joined them.

Later it was learned, says the Exchange, that separate French and Belgian replies, agreeing on main points, but varying in text, will be sent to London to-morrow or Sunday.

[The Belgian Note, Reuter states, may differ slightly from the French version on such questions as methods and amount of reparation payment.]

Both documents will be couched in the most friendly and conciliatory terms, and will permit of negotiations being continued and, if possible, of an agreement being reached later.

PARIS CONFERENCE NEXT WEEK.

Another important development in the situation is that Lord Curzon, who will be passing through Paris next week, is to confer with M. Poincaré and M. Theunis, the Belgian Premier, is likely to be present.

"Pertinax" refers to the difficulty of reconciling the views held on both sides of the Channel, and remarks that France is anxious to take British interests into consideration.

The *Matin* says Belgium remains steadfast to the two principles enunciated in Brussels:—

1.—No evacuation of the Ruhr without payment.

2.—No negotiations before resistance has ceased.

"Belgium," it is added, "takes her stand by our side in asking Britain not to introduce in the joint Allied reply anything that might be considered as capitulation or a desire to bargain."

"Getting Together" Again.—M. Maginot, the French Minister of War, yesterday inspected the British troops in the Colonne area, and the invitation given by General Godley, the Commander-in-Chief, is interpreted by *L'Intransigeant* as a manifestation of "the Entente, which is again bringing London and Paris together again."

MARKS SMUGGLED BY AIR.

Germans Evade Ruhr by Flying from Berlin to Cologne via London!

Officials at the Croydon Aerodrome have just discovered that a number of German travellers have been taking as "personal luggage" quantities of big denomination mark notes from Berlin to Cologne by air via Amsterdam and London to avoid French or Belgian occupied territory.

Several Germans who were passengers from the aerodrome took packages weighing many hundreds of pounds each. Finally, one arrived by special aeroplane from Holland with an enormous amount of luggage and chartered a Napier DH34 aeroplane, which can carry nearly a ton, to transport his luggage and his baggage on a non-stop flight to Cologne.

It has now been found that this "personal luggage" consisted almost entirely of mark notes for big sums.

Ruhr Death Sentences Commuted.—The Court of Appeal at Aix la Chapelle has commuted sentences of death passed on three Germans to penal servitude for life.



Captain Charles Ainsworth, M.P., has accepted the challenge of Mr. Frank Gray, M.P., to walk from Oxford to Banbury.



Major H. R. Chayser, adopted as Conservative candidate at South Portsmouth, He previously resigned the seat owing to ill-health.

DAZZLING ASSEMBLY AT ROYAL GARDEN PARTY.

Arts, Science and Commerce at Buckingham Palace.

THE KING'S CAMELLIA.

One of the most brilliant social functions of the year—the Royal Garden Party—was held yesterday in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. There were 4,000 guests.

The crowded lawns contained representatives of almost every shade and grade of English public life. Nearly all the official diplomatic representatives of foreign Powers attached to the Court of St. James were there.

Just after four o'clock the royal party, which included Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles and the Duke and Duchess of York, came through the west doors and crossed to the lawns, where they separated.

The Queen wore a mauve frock embroidered in shades of blue and with a mauve toque covered with flowers. The King, in a dark grey frock coat and silk hat, had a camellia in his buttonhole.

Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, who was all in grey, and the Duke and Duchess of York were greeting friends everywhere.

Down the red-carpeted steps of the wide West Terrace streamed a continuous crowd. There were women in wonderful frocks carrying fragile sunshades, soldiers out of uniform and naval officers, among them Lord Beatty, mingling with Labour M.P.s, actors, writers, philanthropists and scientists.

DIANA HAMILTON.

Charged with Being Drunk After Regent-street Motor Crash.

A fashionably-dressed woman, Diana Hamilton, twenty-five, of Midhurst, Sussex, stepped into the dock at Marlborough-street yesterday, and, when asked by the magistrate if she was drunk in Regent-street the previous night, replied, "Oh, no!"

A policeman stated that about 11.40 on Wednesday night he heard a crash in Regent-street and saw a motor-car had collided with a lamp-post.

The car, inside which was the defendant, was pushed to the police station, badly damaged, and the driver was taken into custody.

When asked to get out of the car, defendant was unable to do so and had to be assisted.

The accused denied this, saying that she went to the police station alone. When asked if she would like the case settled to-day or to-morrow the accused replied: "Whichever you think best." She was remanded in her own recognisances of £50.

Louis Contamin, thirty-one, described as a naturalised British subject and a managing director, of Wingate-road, Hammermith, was charged with being drunk while in charge of a car and remanded in £20 bail and himself in.

A policeman said a post and a lamp-centre had been knocked down.

LOST TOURIST MYSTERY.

Last Seen Walking on Cliff—Valuable Luggage Left at Hotel.

Described as an Irish-American, travelling with a British passport in the name of P. Cash, a man is missing from a Boulogne hotel, says the *New York Herald* (Paris edition).

He has not been seen since he went for a walk on the cliffs on July 2. He left valuable luggage.

He had stayed at Southampton and London and reported to the British Consul at Boulogne his permanent address as that of a firm of tourist agents in London.

He is believed to have contemplated a long stay. Aged about fifty, Mr. Cash spoke English with a slight American accent.

PORT EMPLOYERS' DECISION.

Employers in the Port of London yesterday reaffirmed their determination to adhere strictly to the terms of the national agreement, and again gave notice that they will not enter into any discussion with unofficial strike committees.

WOMAN DOCTOR AND CHILD PATIENT.

Inquest Allegations of Cruel Treatment.

INQUIRY ORDERED.

Nurses' Stories of Kicks After an Operation.

Sensational allegations that a woman doctor kicked a child patient and lifted her up by the hair was made by two nurses yesterday at the inquest at Downs Hospital, Belmont, near Sutton, on Margaret Mary Bullock, five.

Nurse Thorp said the child was operated on for mastoid, and, though she had a considerable opening at the back of the ear, Dr. Alix Churchill caught hold of it to drag the child on to her knees.

Dr. Churchill denied the statements, and a verdict of Death from natural causes was returned.

Nurse Thorp said she could not describe the cruelty which took place in the dressing-room. Dr. Churchill, who was dressing the child's ear, pulled the child by the ear and hair on to her knee.

The child became restive and slipped to the floor, but the doctor dragged her by the ear and hair back to her knee. The child again slipped to the floor, and was pulled back in the same way.

GENEROUS JOB.

She did not complain of this treatment, as the doctor was her superior officer, but she mentioned it to the staff nurse in the evening and reported officially to her the following morning.

Coroner: Did you see anything else?—Yes. The doctor kicked the child four times while she was on the floor. She also sprinkled the hair which came from the head on the child's face.

Witness agreed with Mr. Oswald Kempson, who represented Dr. Churchill, that the dressing was an essential part of the treatment, and that it was an generous and difficult job.

Answering further questions the witness said other children must have seen what happened through the crack of the dressing-room door, because they were talking about it.

Staff Nurse Allen said on the evening of July 12 Nurse Thorp came to her terribly upset and said, "Rita has gone through it to-day." They were then off duty, and the following morning Nurse Thorp officially reported to her, detailing the incidents already given.

Witness was about to go to the doctor, but Nurse Thorp thought it was a serious thing to report a superior officer.

Coroner: Why not?—When we first came to hospital we were told that the hallmark of a nurse was obedience and loyalty to superior officers.

Nurse Atwood corroborated the evidence of alleged cruelty, and said Dr. Churchill was in a dreadful temper at the time.

DOCTOR'S DENIALS.

Dr. Churchill, giving evidence, denied the allegations. She said the child was difficult to dress, but she never pulled it to her knee in the way suggested or did anything unkind to it. She never used any violence.

Coroner: Did you kick the child?—I have no remembrance whatever of having kicked the child.

Dr. Halsted, of Sutton, who made a post-mortem examination, said death was due to septic meningitis. There were no marks of violence on the body.

The jury returned a verdict of Death from natural causes. The foreman said they did not like what had been said about reporting superior officers.

INQUIRY IN A FEW DAYS.

Dr. Churchill Said To Have a Reputation for Great Kindness.

The *Daily Mirror* learns that the Metropolitan Asylums Board will hold the inquiry within a few days into the nurses' allegations and the facts surrounding the death of Marguerite Bullock at Downs Hospital for Children.

"As soon as we knew that rumours were in circulation regarding the death of the child we took the initiative of asking for a coroner's inquest," said Mr. C. A. Powell, the clerk to the Board, to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"The suggestion that nurses must not report their superiors is, of course, inaccurate. It is a nurse's duty to report whatever she thinks is amiss, either to the matron or medical superintendent. Dr. Churchill is a woman of high medical qualifications and has a reputation for great kindness in her treatment of children."

£125 DRUGS PENALTY.

For supplying morphine sulphate and atropine sulphate without having taken reasonable steps to satisfying himself that the prescription was genuine, Alfred John, chemist, Wigmore-street, W., was fined £100 and £25 costs at London Sessions yesterday.

It was stated that the drugs had been supplied to a man who had forged a doctor's name to prescriptions.

M.P.s on Over-Taxation as Cause of Depression. CALL FOR CABINET AID.

Urgent appeals for Government action to reinvigorate British trade were made during a Board of Trade Vote debate in the Commons last night.

They were told there was no money, said Sir Alfred Mond. It was absurd to say that the financial resources of this country were so limited that they could not squeeze out a few hundred millions in order to get on with development schemes.

There was one really heavy burden, the fundamental cause almost of trade depression, and that was over-taxation.

He complained that the policy of over-taxation was like sitting on the chest of a man and stopping him from getting up.

Mr. Hopkinson argued that the Government ought to strain national credit to its utmost at the present time in order to increase trade.

Commander Kenworthy said something must be done in regard to railway rates, as they were strangling British commerce.

Sir P. Lloyd-Graeme (President of the Board of Trade) said the Government had informed all local authorities that if they would put in hand work of a revenue-producing kind advances would be made of 50 per cent. of the interest charges for fifteen years.

In the case of loans, they were prepared to do the same thing for any public company carrying on the same class of work.

\$5,000,000 DOCK PLAN.

Five Years' Work for Unemployed in Great New Tilbury Scheme.

A vast scheme for the improvement of London's docks was disclosed by Lord Devonport at the Port of London Authority's buildings yesterday.

The chief of the four programmes outlined was the making of an entirely new dock, lock and dry dock at Tilbury, to be completed in five years, at an estimated cost of £5,000,000.

Mr. Bonar Law invited me to Downing-street last December," said Lord Devonport.

"To discuss the question of what works we could undertake to put in hand to assist the unemployment situation."

As a result, the schemes were finally agreed upon as the consideration for a loan from His Majesty's Government of £4,500,000 at 3½ per cent. for a period of thirty years.

"The Authority has decided that the time has come for an entirely new dock to be constructed. Our new entrance dock will be 1,150ft. in length, 150ft. in breadth, with a depth on the sill of 56ft. below Trinity high water."

The site of the new dock will be at Northfleet Hope, above Tilbury Ness.

CANADA'S STURDY STOCK.

President Harding's Tribute—"Always Welcome in U.S."

President Harding at Vancouver yesterday paid a glowing tribute to Canada.

"Our industrial exigencies make necessary restriction on immigration from other countries," he said, "but not from Canada," adding (says the Central News), "We welcome your sturdy stock."

After describing Canadians as one of the most capable governing people in the world, the President said:—"Do not encourage annexation. Let us go along on parallel roads."



SHAPELY NAILS framed in smooth cuticle— everywhere women have them now

All the social niceties—what a comfortable sense of well-being it gives to know that each is rightly met. Of course no one can afford to neglect the perfect grooming of the nails, for their neglect is so embarrassingly obvious.

What a comfort Cutex is! What lovely bewitching nails it gives! With it there are just two things to do for a perfect manicure. First the all important cuticle. You can keep it soft and even so easily.

Work gently around the base of each nail with an orange stick wrapped in cotton and dipped in Cutex. You can actually see the ugly ridges soften. Rinse the fingers and wipe away all this surplus cuticle, leaving a fresh even frame for the nails. To keep this lovely rim, just smooth a little cream into the base of each nail at night. Then for that fragile pinky lustre, that fashion now decrees for the nails, Cutex has developed a marvellous new Liquid Polish which

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1923.

WHEN WINTER COMES.

HIGH TAXATION AS A CAUSE OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

THE business men of the House of Commons take a gloomy view of the prospects of the coming winter.

They foresee continued and even increased unemployment. The Prime Minister has said that their dark prophecies will be dealt with by the Minister of Labour before the recess. But what is to be done must be done quickly. By the time Parliament meets again in the autumn it will be too late to discuss remedies.

Many people—including the business men just mentioned—continue to blame the Ruhr occupation for the unfavourable reaction which has set in against our trading prospects.

We have already pointed out that a renewal of German competition would not help the worker in this country.

It is always the most recent "crisis" that is used to explain our present plight. And so here, people forget the Coalition and its long record of extravagance. It is not only the "purchasing power" of our customers abroad that has collapsed. Capital is lacking at home. And why is there no money for the creation of employment, through the development of trade? Because of the merciless taxation under which we groan—taxation necessitated by past extravagance.

Take the most recent "revelation"—the Estimates Committee's report on the Air Force.

When we pointed out, months ago, that our Air Force was mainly a land army of superfluous shadows, ministering at great expense to a few airmen, we were denounced or derided in certain quarters for ignorance or exaggeration.

Now, every word of the report confirms our statements.

We read of the personal servants of "group" chaplains, of air attachés in foreign embassies receiving thousands a year, of hugely expensive buildings, hospitals and the like, of accommodation costing £21,000 for seventeen people. So the money disappears! And it will not apparently be till the late autumn that the House of Commons will consider the reports of the three fighting services *en bloc*. By that time, as we said, the evil will be beyond remedy.

Why blame the Ruhr occupation, then, for follies which unfortunately originated at home? Why not realise that capital for the expansion of trade will only be available when extravagance ceases to necessitate the exorbitant taxation that kills trade?

PLACE AUX DAMES!

THE presence of three women Members does not seem to have abolished the orientalism of the House of Commons in regard to women who are not yet M.P.s.

There was always something truly Turkish about the Ladies' Gallery, whence in old days you saw feminine faces furtively peeping from behind a grille.

Tea on the terrace has indeed long been a "mixed" function. But one may sympathise with the Manchester Member who complains that the House needs a waiting-room for members' wives, who at present get lost or misled, and are therefore not at hand to prompt husbands who lean upon them for lobby hints.

Now that women have so much to do with legislation the Turkish attitude ought logically to disappear. And yet "old hands" dread the day when in every corner of Westminster may lurk—not effraquettes any longer—but firm-minded ladies advising ignorant M.P.s on feminine problems, and, as is the way with women, persuading their husbands to prevent us from enjoying ourselves harmlessly, according to our own sweet wills.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Should Parents Interfere?—Seaside Flirtations—"Dope" About Politicians—Ugly Bathing Dresses.

THE PARENTS PAY!

Few parents will agree with the critic who tells us in your news columns that nowadays older people "interfere too much" with the love affairs of the young.

I can only say that I know no young people, in my immediate circle, who pay the slightest attention to their mothers' or fathers' advice. The young regard it as a quite sufficient excuse to say that they have "fallen in love." Love excuses any folly. The parents then have to supply the money for marriage—and often for divorce proceedings a few years later.

A FATHER WHO DOES NOT INTERFERE.

ENGLISH BATHING DRESSES.

HAVING travelled extensively on the Continent and in America, and having just returned from a holiday on the South Coast, I was

THE HOLIDAY MOOD.

YOUNG people love to break away from dull habits after working for a whole year, and the sense of freedom, with blue skies and healthy sea breezes, turns their thoughts to flirtation of a harmless kind.

The poor dears do not mean to be serious. They flirt as they would play a game. A marriage following a seaside flirtation would certainly be a failure. People are not their ordinary selves on a holiday, and it would therefore be unwise to make a permanent relationship of what ought only to be the expression of a mood.

E. M. R.

MOVE THEM ON?

THE reason why people may be seen drinking outside public-houses is a very simple one. Even women require a little recreation occa-

WHEN PARENTS "ARRANGE" MARRIAGES FOR THEIR CHILDREN—



—they must not be surprised if they have to "pay" when the engagement is broken off and the "arrangement" comes to nothing.

struck with the deplorable lack of originality or beauty in English bathing dresses.

In America one hardly ever sees the hideous dark blue one-piece suits worn by English women.

Abroad they consider the bathing dress as important an adjunct to charm as an evening gown.

Even in bathing caps Englishwomen insist on wearing tight yellow "creations" which are very unbecoming.

ANGLO-YANK.

GOING WITHOUT A HOLIDAY?

CAN your correspondent "Business Man" really mean that he would not trouble much if he never had a holiday at all?

If he is a business man, in every sense of the word, he would most certainly welcome a holiday, unless he is too mean to spend money on one.

But perhaps he is wealthy, with a country house, at which he spends every weekend. If so, perhaps, explains the fact that women "age" quicker than men.

A woman's attractiveness disappears with her good looks, generally speaking, but that does not imply that she is "aged" or that she is lacking in vitality.

D. STEVENS.

"GROW OLD GRACEFULLY."

SOMEONE has said: "A woman's strength lies in her beauty."

It is worth while to join the crowd of rosy young womanhood, when all you need is Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of chemists; or send 35.0d. for a box post free from address below.

sionally, and like to go out for a walk with their men-folk on a fine evening. Since few can afford servants, they have to take the children. Whilst they are out, "father" very naturally wants a drink, and calls at a "pub" for the purpose of getting one. A paternal Legislature has decreed that children under fourteen shall not be allowed in the bar during the hours of sale, the result being that "mother" has to stay outside too. Frequently "father" brings his pint and a glass of stout for the "misseus"—outside, and there is the sight which "M. T." calls "a disgrace to the nation."

Some enlightened brewers have at last realised this, and are fitting their houses so that the old bars are replaced by rooms like the Continental café, where all the family can have a rest together.

A COUNTRY PUBLICAN.

PUFFS FOR POLITICIANS.

OFFICIALLY prompted "puffs" for politicians should certainly be given up. We don't want them. A Minister's work is the test by which he should be judged.

Yet nothing can stop politicians' merits from being indirectly advertised.

Even in the older and disreputable days of Mr. Gladstone the newspapers used to be filled with paragraphs about the Great Man—his tree-felling, his Homeric studies and his theology.

Yet Mr. Gladstone was a model of reticence compared with certain of his successors, who seem to employ an army of secretaries to write to the papers and explain the nobility of their intentions and the perfect beauty of their characters to all the world. A RETIRED POLITICIAN.

HOLIDAYS FOR THE MARRIED WOMAN.

IS SHE ENTITLED TO A REST FROM HOUSEKEEPING?

By ALEXIS BROOME.

WE all want holidays.

Women need them as badly as men; wives as badly as their husbands; mothers as badly as their children.

The wife's holiday, however, presents a problem which is brought up for discussion as often as the holiday season comes round.

What is splendid fun for the rest of the family, she tells us, is merely overwork for her; she hardly ever gets a change of occupation.

It is not an unreasonable complaint: to keep house in lodgings or a bungalow instead of in her own residence, and to fight the battle of life with a landlady instead of a staff of servants is certainly not a holiday in the sense in which most of us understand the word.

What is to be done about it?

Where there are no children, of course, the problem is fairly simple.

There are hotels and boarding-houses to suit all tastes and purses; and in these no visitor, male or female, is expected to assist in the house-keeping.

Whether husbands and wives should stay in the same boarding-house at the same time, or in different boarding-houses at different times, is, of course, a question for themselves alone. The answer to it depends upon the similarity of their tastes and the degree of their devotion to each other; and as these factors in the problem are variable, there can be no single solution equally applicable to all the cases.

SEND THE CHILDREN AWAY?

Let us leave them, therefore, to manage their own business in their own way, and consider the harder case of the wife with a small tribe of children dependent on her care.

She is not necessarily an unnatural mother because she feels that it would be a relief to her to be away from the children for a little while; and the respite may often be good for her, even if she is too fond a mother to feel eager for it.

"Send the children to their grandmother and their maiden aunt" will be the glib advice of many counsellors in those circumstances; and it has, indeed, often been maintained in print that that is what grandmothers and maiden aunts are for.

Yet there may be difficulties which the glib counsellors have overlooked.

Not all grandmothers are alive and vigorous. Not all aunts are maiden aunts, willing to make themselves generally useful to their married sisters. Not all children are so well-behaved that their presence in the house is agreeable to maiden aunts.

In that case, why should not the harassed mother drive a bargain with some other mother similarly situated?

"You take my children for a fortnight, and then I'll take yours for the next fortnight, so that we can both get away (with or without husbands) for a complete rest."

That sounds practical—a straightforward proposal for a square deal, equally advantageous to everyone concerned in it.

The only mothers whom the plan might fail to satisfy would be those who are at once so fond of their children and so tired of looking after them that they cannot be quite happy either with them or without them.

THE IRRESISTIBLE GIRL.

And Her Delicate Breathless Sister.

A young girl should be bright and full of energy. The pink flush of health should be on her cheeks. She ought to be irresistible. Life is at its best. She should not be tired and wan, too languid to enjoy plain food, too shy and day-dreaming to be a help, and looking limp and unhappy when out walking.

She should be full of vitality, hungry for her meals, glad to help with the housework, fond of an evening's recreation, walking with a spring in her heels, sunshine in her eyes, and the joy of living in her soul.

A girl who is thin and breathless, with no colour in her lips and cheeks, anemic, dull-looking, will improve wonderfully under the influence of the new blood that Dr. Williams' pink pills can give her. She will gain vitality and attractiveness, grow healthy and jolly, get rid of all her languor and lassitude.

It is worth while to join the crowd of rosy young womanhood, when all you need is Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of chemists; or send 35.0d. for a box post free from address below.

FREE. The booklet "Nature's Warnings" should be read by every girl. A postcard to Booklet Dept., 35, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, will bring you a copy free of all charge.—(Adv.)



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You can make a fortnight's holiday last longer than fourteen days if you take a "Kodak" with you. You can bring back in "Kodak" snapshots the bathing, the picnics, the sea, the sands, the moors, the downs, and all the fun and happiness of those glorious days of freedom—you can bring back your holiday and make it last for ever. Take a "Kodak" this year and turn your fleeting holiday pleasures into permanent joys. You can learn to use a "Kodak" in half-an-hour. Look for the name "Kodak" on your camera and films. "Kodaks" and Kodak Films are made by the Kodak Company and by nobody else.

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No. 3A Folding Autographic Brownie. Takes pictures $5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ ins.—the popular postcard size. Fitted with Meniscus Achromatic Lens and Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter. **£3:12:6**

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ALDWYCH—Eves, 8.15. Wed, Thurs, 2.30. TONS OF MONEY. Young Amateurs. Rem Walls, Ralph Lynn.
AMBASSADORS—8.45. THE LILIES OF THE FIELD. Meggie Albanesi, Edna Best. Mat, Fri, Sat, 2.30.
APOLLO—WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS, by J. M. Barrie. Every Evening at 8.15. Mat, Tu, Th, 2.30.
COMEDY. FAY COMPTON. "THE SECRETS."
Last 3 Perfs. Today, 2.30. Tomorrow, 8.30.
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GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME—8.0. "LADY OF THE ROSE." Daily Theatre Production. Mat, Tues, 2.30.
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New Play, by A. A. Milne. Mats, Tu, Th, 2.30.
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HIS MAJESTY—8.30. Mat, Sat, 2.30. Henry Ainley in "Oliver Cromwell" by John Drinkwater. Last Week.
KINGSWAY. PAUL DAVIDSON presents TANCED.
Nightly at 8.30. Mat, Sat, at 2.30. (Ger. 4032.)
LITTLE—(Regent 2401). THE 9 O'CLOCK REVUE.
Eves, 9. Mats, Mon and Th, 2.45. (Ger. 10 Perfs.)
LONDON PAVILION—Eves, 8.15. Tues, Sat, 2.30. DOVER SHEPHERD TO DIXIE. S. Lapino, O. Myrtil, F. Mills.
LYRIC—Eves, 8.15. Wed, Sat, 2.15. LILAC TIME. A Play with Music by Schubert. (Ger. 3687.)
LYRIC, HSMITH—8.15. THE RUSSIAN OPERA.
Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30. 1300th PERFORMANCE.
NEW—(Reg. 4465). MATHEW LANG in "CARNIVAL."
Eves, 8.30. Mats, Wed, Thurs, 2.30. (Last 10 Perfs.)
NEW OXFORD—(Museum 1740). 8.20. Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
"LITTLE NELLIE KELLY." By George M. Cohen.
PALACE. Irving Berlin's "MUSIC BOX REVUE."
Nightly 8.30. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30.
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QUEEN'S—BLUEBELLS 8.15. Thurs, 2.30. Made Thirbridge, Norman McKinnel.
REGENT. King—Eves, 8.30. ROBERT E. LEE.
By John Drinkwater. Mats, Thurs and Sat, at 2.30.
ROYALTY—(Ger. 3865). Eves, 8.30. AT MRS. BEAMS.
Ennis Eadie, Jean Cadell. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30.
ST. JAMES'S—To-day, at 2.30. 8.30. THE OUTSIDER.
Leslie Fabor, Isabel Elsom. Mats, Wed, Fri, 2.30.
ST. MARTIN'S—Eves, 8.30. D. R. L. "THE DANCERS."
The Talk of the Town. "Mag. Post." Last weeks.
SAVOY—(Ger. 3501). Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30. LILLIAN DAVIES.
SHAPELESS—8.30. Wed, Sat, 2.30. THE 9 O'CLOCK REVUE.
Transferring to QUEEN'S THEATRE Monday.
VAUDEVILLE—8.30, 8.50, Tu and Fri, 2.30. "BATS!"
Charles Henry. Chilled Lemonade.
WINTER GARDEN—Eves, 8. Sat, 2.15. Norman Griffin, George Grossmith. THE CABARET GIRL.
WYNDHAM'S—Gerald du Maurier in "THE DANCERS."
A New Play. Eves, 8.15. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30.
ALHAMBRA—(Ger. 5084). 8.20. Thurs and Sat, 2.30. Paul Sackett Orchestra, Lily Morris, Fratellini Bros, etc.
COLISEUM—(Ger. 7540). 2.30, 4.45. Alba Tiberio, Lydia Lopokova, Williams and Collins, George and Botcher.
PALLADIUM—(Ger. 1004). 2.30, 6.45. The Great Carmo Morgan Dance, Nora Bayes, Sam Haddi, etc.
EMPIRE—(Ger. 3527). Daily, at 2.45 and 8.30. Sun, 7.45. ENEMIES OF WOMEN, by Vicente Blasco Ibañez.
NEW GALLERY—Regent Cinema. "Dorothy Dandridge" in "The Crimson Challenge." "Pillars of the Port" (No. 5), etc.
STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, Kingsway—1.45 to 10.30. The Seventh Day. "The Glory of Clementine."

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Baron Henri de Rothschild is doctor of medicine, novelist and playwright.



Miss Isobel Gray, the pianist, is the youngest professor at the Royal Academy.

THE GARDEN PARTY.

London By Night—The Turf Case—New Dance Music.

FORTUNATELY the weather was fine, though cloudy, for the garden party at Buckingham Palace. A large proportion of the 8,000 invited guests had assembled in the grounds before the King and Queen descended the steps leading to the north lawns. Their Majesties first greeted members of the Royal Family and representatives of the Diplomatic Corps.

Dresses.

Among the most conspicuous toilettes at the garden party was a wonderful tangerine-coloured tissue touched with grey, worn with an Oriental-looking turban by Mrs. Asquith, and a gold tissue cloak with yellow hat with which Lady Alexander covered a beige frock. The twin daughters of the Hon. Cyril Ward were being much noticed as they were dressed exactly alike in black frocks, Valenciennes lace collars and black hats of the poke-bonnet type. Miss Joynton-Hicks was wearing a pretty black satin cloak with enormous red roses to hold it on her shoulders.

The Duchess of York.

Quite one of the prettiest girls there was the young Duchess of York in a lace frock lightly embroidered along the bottom and a big mushroom hat lined with a frill of black tulle, and with black velvet streamers. One huge rose drooped under the brim. She carried a blue sunshade and bag, and took her curtsies with pretty self-possession.

Premiers' Daughters.

Lord and Lady Erleigh devoted a good deal of attention to the native Princes present, and seemed to know most of them personally. The daughters of the present and past Prime Ministers, Miss Betty Baldwin and Miss Megan Lloyd George, had much to say to each other. The former was with her mother, Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, who wore one of the few bright blue frocks and hats to be seen.

Conversations.

Lord Dorby had quite a long conversation with the Hon. John Fortescue—possibly on matters of Army history. Sir John and Lady Lavery settled down in chairs by the long tea tent and gathered a group of conversationalists about them in a very short time. Mrs. Asquith was chatting for some time with Lady Cynthia Asquith.

Church and State.

Of course, the usual assembly of Bishops was noticeable, and a great many Deans were also wandering round the lake and grouping themselves under the huge weeping willow with its rustic seat around the trunk. Municipal dignitaries included yesterday's newly knighted Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Sir David Davis, and his wife.

Eydon Hall.

Lady Fermor-Hesketh, who not long ago bought St. Serf's, the delightful Rockingham mansion upon which Millicent Duchess of Sutherland spent so much money, has sold Eydon Hall, Northampton, to Captain H. Margesson, West Ham's member. The hall is a beautiful Palladian mansion, approached from the gardens by wide marble steps.

An Heiress.

Captain Margesson married the American heiress, Miss Frances Leggett, seven years ago, at which time he was an officer in the 11th Hussars. His mother is Lady Isabel Margesson and his father Mr. Mortimer Margesson, who received a legacy of £10,000 from the late Earl of Plymouth, to whom he was secretary. Lady Isabel is Lord Buckinghamshire's sister.



Mrs. Margesson.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Unique Sporting Case.

Many faces familiar on the Turf were recognised in Mr. Justice Darling's Court yesterday. The case which had excited their interest was unique in sporting history as it raised the question of a jockey's liability for any damage that may arise from his negligent riding. Lord Durham and Lord Lonsdale (with the inevitable buttonhole but not the cigar!) were conspicuous in the crowded Court, while owners, trainers and jockeys elbowed one another for room.

Judge's Model Horses.

If only the judge's wishes had been known beforehand the public would have had an opportunity of seeing the fateful race run over again. He complained of the absence of a model showing the course and the position of the horses, and so to make the case clearer to the jury he carefully cut out bits of paper, wrote on each the name of a runner (and spelt it without inquiring), and fixed the pieces on the large-scale map of the course according to the positions the horses had occupied.

All Through the Night.

Visitors to London are taking advantage of these moonlight nights to see the capital in the small hours. Piccadilly at three a.m. yesterday was full of groups of American visitors, who were amazed at the derelicts who sleep beside the Green Park. An enterprising catering firm in Piccadilly have instituted a café which is open all night for the benefit of these nocturnal sightseers.

The Forum Theatre.

A meeting was held at Seaford House yesterday to promote a new theatrical scheme in which Lord Howard de Walden is interested.

A company is being formed to establish the Forum, a theatre the artistic direction of which will be in the hands of M. Theodor Komisarjevsky and Mr. Alan Wade.

From Moscow.

M. Komisarjevsky used to be director of the Moscow Art Theatre and has for some time been in London looking for an opening. He tells me that in his opinion you can't have a good actor unless he is a singer and dancer too. Mr. Wade is already known to playgoers through his association with the Stage Society and the Phoenix.



M. Komisarjevsky.

Farewell to Paul Whiteman.

The farewell party to Mr. Paul Whiteman at the Grafton Galleries was a very joyous affair. The head of the famous "jazz" band received two handsome presents and many compliments, the most gratifying of which was contained in a speech by Admiral Mark Kerr. The gallant Admiral said he thought the visit of the Whiteman band would do much to promote Anglo-American good feeling.

Best Dance Tune.

Among those I noticed at the Whiteman party were the Earl of Lonsborough, Lady Moira Combe, Lord Gisborough, and the leading theatrical people, including Mr. R. H. Gillespie, who brought Whiteman to London. The latter goes back to America very pleased with himself and with us. He told me, by the way, that in his opinion the best dance tune of the season has been Philip Braham's "Dancing Honeymoon."

The New Dance.

Yesterday I mentioned the new dance, "Blues." I find that a couple will do this dance next week at the Coliseum. They describe it as a development of the fox trot. Ballroom fox trots are played at about forty-eight bars to the minute. A Blues trot should be played at thirty-five. The steps are "very close to the border-line which divides the desirable from the grotesque."

"Blues."

"Blues" music is like a slow fox trot with a melancholy strain. It originated in America and was based on negro melodies of the sad order. A few years ago the popular vaudeville songs took on a sentimental tone. They dealt with broken hearts, departed "mammies," empty pockets and other things which give one the blues. Music to fit this mood, but seasoned with syncopation, became known as "blues music."

Princesses at Cinema.

Princess Mary, "very sweet and looking very young," as a lady sitting next to me described her, was present at the special matinee at the St. James' Picture Theatre in aid of St. George's Hospital yesterday. She thoroughly enjoyed the Ibanez film, "Enemies of Women." Also present were the Princess Royal, Major and Mrs. Lascelles, and General Sir Charles Townshend.

Up-to-Date Review.

The July number of "The Criterion," which completes the first volume of this informative literary review, is just as interesting as the first three. It includes some fascinating reminiscences by William Butler Yeats, the second part of an essay on Viscount Bolingbroke by Charles Whibley, and an essay on Freud by Jacques Riviere, the editor of "La Nouvelle Revue Française." There are also some interesting suggestions for developments during the coming year.

Hampstead Way.

Hampstead was drenched when Miss Olga Netherlands gave her garden party, but her pretty old house was packed with interesting people who braved the rain. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain was there, the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Sir David Davis, Major Blake, Governor of Pentonville Prison, who is experimenting with good music for convicts on Sunday afternoon, and Lady Frith with her daughter, who is such a wonderful swimmer.

The Bush Builder.

The man who built the Bush Building in the Strand—I mean, of course, its architect—is Mr. Corbett, a tall thin American with a pink face, hair which will soon be white, regulation tortoise-shell spectacles, and a delightful manner, kind, keen and sympathetic. I know all this about him because on Wednesday he took me to the top of this wonderful Bush Building, and showed me the most lovely view I have ever had of this dear London of ours. There were famous architects about me and I heard more than one say: "If only Wren could have seen St. Paul's from here!"



Miss Winifred Izard, leading lady in "Peace and Quiet," the new play at the Comedy Theatre on Tuesday.



Mr. Henry Kendall in "Stop Firting," which transfers to the Queen's Theatre on Monday.

Temple Slump.

Yesterday I met a young barrister who told me that the Temple had this term experienced a bad slump in business. He puts it down to the increased cost of litigation. Not only are Court fees up, but barristers demand absurdly high fees, and sit briefless rather than lower their prices.

Shy Litigants.

Before the war many a barrister would take a police or county court brief for a couple of guineas, but to-day four and five guineas is asked. The result is that intending litigants either rely on the advocacy of a solicitor or else patch up their differences and keep away from the Court altogether.

Great Pianist.

M. Pachmann, who is seventy-five to-day, is, by common consent, the greatest of our Chopin players. His mannerisms are notorious. At a recent concert at Chesterfield he insisted that a member of the audience should be turned out of the hall, giving no other reason than that "he is not in sympathy with Chopin." He would not play until the injunction had been obeyed.

Bishop's Sons.

Major Archibald Boyd-Carpenter, the new Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, is one of many distinguished living men who have had a Bishop for their father. They include Hugh Walpole, Dr. A. C. Benson, E. V. Knox and Sir Basil Thomson. Major Boyd-Carpenter's father was at one time Bishop of Ripon. THE RAMBLER.

Shop at Lyons Teashops

Because it is so

Look at the window—and you get the measure of a Lyons Teashop. The prettiest window in the street, and the best shop behind it. No skill can fake that effect—a chocolate, a bun can only look good because it is good.

Maiden Lyons
Chocolates

SOLD BY MOST HIGH CLASS CONFECTIONERS IN THEATRES AND CINEMAS 4/-lb.

Where you see QUENCHIE there is a

LYONS SODA FOUNTAIN

Some suggestions from the tariff:

Phosphates 2d. & 4d.	Sundaes	- - -	8d.
Ice Cream Sodas 5d.	Egg Phosphates	9d.	
Milk Shakes - 6d.	Frappees	- - -	9d.
Meringue Glace 6d.	Puffs	- - -	1/-
Banana Royal 1/-			

MAISON LYONS;
CORNER HOUSES
and in
LYONS'
TEASHOPS

J. Lyons & Co.,
Ltd., London, W.



FOR PARTY WEAR



A charming dress of cream lace of the daintiest design. Pleated ribbon in a snake pattern and rosebuds of cream satin at the waist provide trimming for a frock that every pretty girl may covet.



WEST-END CASE.—Diana Hamilton, described as of Midhurst, Sussex, who was remanded on her own recognisances at Marlborough-street yesterday on the charge of being drunk in Regent-street.

STREET BATHING POOL



New York children enjoying a cooling dip in a bathing tank set up in the street in which they live. It proved particularly popular during the recent heat wave in U.S.A.



CROSSES FROM WAR GRAVES.—Some of fifty wooden crosses from the graves of Flanders collected by the Church Army, dedicated yesterday by the Chaplain-General, Bishop Taylor-Smith, and to be presented to the next-of-kin of the fallen.



WED YESTERDAY.—Mr. Alan Brodrick and the Hon. Hester Astley, sister of Lord Hastings, with two of her little bridesmaids after their wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley-street, yesterday.

CROWD THAT WATCHED



The great crowd that watched the guests arrive.



Elsie Wilcockson, aged fourteen, of Selby, Yorkshire, who has effected her third rescue of a child from drowning.



Children had front seats for thousands of people flocked round bright dresses of the guests.



The Hon. Thomas Brand, eldest son of Viscount Hampden and his laughing bride, Miss Leila Seely, after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday.

THE KING'S GUESTS



Major Cohen, M.P., arriving in his motor-chair.



part of the spectacle.
ingham Palace to gaze at the
King's garden-party.



Dr. Albert David,
Bishop of St. Edmunds-
bury and Ipswich, has
been appointed to the
Bishopric of Liverpool.
He is fifty-six.



Lady Maud Warrender shooting.

ETSWOMEN OF THE BOW.—Women are playing a prominent part in the Grand National Archery Meeting at Cambridge. Lady Maud Warrender has shot tigers as well as arrows, and Lady Margaret Hamilton-Russell is a former golf champion.

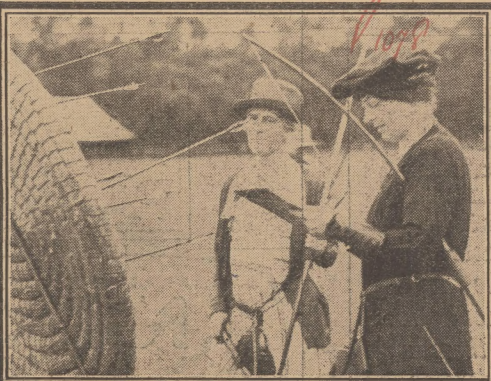
FREE FROM SCHOOLING



Hundreds of London schoolchildren, who began their summer holidays yesterday, enjoying to the full their liberty at Bishop's Park, Fulham. London's open spaces are now full of joyous youngsters.



THE IRISH OAKS.—The finish of the Irish Oaks at the Curragh, won by Mr. W. M. G. Singer's Becca by a length and a half from Mr. F. Straker's Shri. Captain Dixon's Glenshesk was third.



Lady Margaret Hamilton-Russell at the target marking her score.

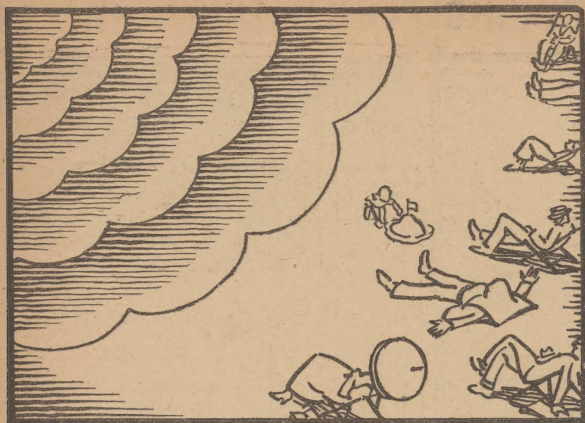
THE PRINCE'S PRIZES



The Prince of Wales talking to a blind soldier at the Royal Welsh Agricultural Show at Welshpool, which he opened yesterday. He won two prizes.



WOMAN GOLF PRO.—Miss Wingate, who, on being appointed assistant to her brother at the new Temple-newsam municipal course, becomes the only woman golfer professional in the world.



Long, lazy days.

The name
"ANGUS WATSON"
on any ready-to-eat food
means the best of its kind.



Slacking in a deck-chair, a new novel in your hands, with intervals for dozing. Neither you nor the kiddies want to go back to lunch; it would be far too much trouble.

So, naturally, the family takes down Sailor Savouries, spread on bread or in sandwiches; they're satisfying enough for father, dainty enough for mother, and healthy enough for the kiddies. For your holidays then, remember not just potted meat or paste, but Sailor Savouries—as delicious as they are pure. A guarantee of £500 goes with every jar.

Made in the following eight delicious varieties, all warranted true to description:—
Chicken & Ham. Turkey & Tongue.
Ham & Tongue. Salmon & Shrimp.
BLOATER. Chicken, Ham & Tongue.
Salmon & Anchovy. Lobster.

If you cannot obtain Sailor Savouries, send 10d., with your Grocer's name and address, and we will send you a full-sized jar, post free.

N.B.—Each jar is enclosed in a sun-proof carton which protects it from light, heat, and dust.

ANGUS WATSON & CO. LTD.,
4D ELLISON BUILDINGS, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

SAILOR SAVOURIES

HOOKER'S

The Malted Milk with the NICEST FLAVOUR.

Growing children like the taste of HOOKER'S, and they need the milk and malted cereal nourishment it supplies so abundantly. Give them a course of it and watch them develop.

Thew, HOOKER & Gilbey, Ltd., Buckingham.

INTERNATIONAL CHINA TEA 2/8

Holiday Pleasure

Go where the sun shines and International Stores abound; the first will make your holiday one of pleasure and health, the second will ensure you prompt satisfaction and a farewell to shopping annoyances.

In every town and large village shown on this map you will find an International and in every International you will find best quality goods offered at lowest prices.

International Stores

The Greatest Grocers in the World
Tea: Coffee: Groceries: Provisions

All International branches are on the telephone.



I.B. 810

CEYLINDO TEA 2/2 2/4 2/6 2/10

KOH-I-NOOR



Choose from this series for safety's sake.

The only complete series of guaranteed brushes. Antiseptically treated brushes are fast and pure-pointed tufts clean every interstice. Shifts are obtainable in six charming colours to match your toilet set. Shave brush guaranteed. In two qualities at 2/6 and 3/-. (Kiddies' pattern 1/6), also SAFARI SHAVE, one price only 2/-. from all good chemists and stores. Trade enquiries to all wholesalers.

YOU'RE IN A FINE PICKLE!



There is no other
flavour to
compare with
that of Panyan.
It is easily the
most popular
pickle in the
World.

The Universal Favourite
NESTLÉ'S
SWISS MILK
CHOCOLATE
Richest in Cream

PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

OUR GREAT ADVENTURE.

Daily Mirror Office.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

We are all greatly excited about the coming seaside tour, which is easily the longest and most interesting journey the pets have ever undertaken. All we hope is that the weather will keep fine for the great adventure, and that there will be plenty of happy children about to cheer us on our way.

Have you realised what a long trip it will be? I have worked out a few facts and figures—I don't think you will find them very dull—about the tour. For instance, Pip, Squeak and Wilfred will visit—

Fifteen counties.
Fifty-two important seaside towns.
Several hundred smaller towns and villages.
Three different "seas"—the North Sea, the English Channel and the Bristol Channel.

The tour will be about 1,000 miles long. If the pets, therefore, travelled in a perfectly straight line, they could reach such places as Rome, Iceland, Seville (Spain), or the borders of Russia, all of which are roughly 1,000 miles from London.

How many children will Pip, Squeak and Wilfred meet during their journey? This was one of the questions put to me by a small boy yesterday. It is difficult to say, but I should roughly estimate some hundreds of thousands. Dear me, all these figures make me feel quite dizzy!

When they visit Yorkshire—they start the tour at Scarborough, as you know, on Monday next—it will be the "farthest north" the pets have ever travelled. Squeak wonders whether there will be plenty of ice and snow up there!

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

WORD-BUILDING.

A Jolly and Simple Game for Wet Afternoons.

EVEN in July it sometimes rains, and you have to stay indoors. Perhaps you get tired of reading and all the indoor games. Then is the time for you to try this jolly game, which will pass away the time very quickly and pleasantly.

All you need is a big number of capital letters—you can cut them out of any old paper or magazine. Give your friends a handful each, and take another handful yourself.

The game is to see how many dictionary words or proper names you can make out of the letters you have. Now, suppose your letters are (vowels) A, A, E, O, U, I, A, E and (consonants) B, J, T, N, L, Y, X, B, C, C, K, L, P, Q, X, W, Y. At first sight it doesn't look as if you can make much out of those, does it? But just try. You will soon see that you make the word "Boat".

Five more letters will give you "Quick," "Only" and "Axe" are two other words you can build, and you will still have enough letters to make some more.

The great thing to remember in this game is that you must use your vowels sparingly. If possible, make words with more consonants in them than vowels—such as "Month" or "Yacht"—because there are only five vowels in the alphabet.

The player who has made the biggest number of words wins the game. Try this the next rainy afternoon; you will find the time slip very pleasantly by.

SHORT ANSWERS.

Dorothy Miner, Ashford.—Squeak would love you to join her sewing "bee"—but she has promised Pip she won't have any more!

Katie Deering, Calais, France.—So glad to hear you are learning French. Squeak asks me to send you her "bon jour." (She thinks it is French for "best love.")

Eric Janson, Purley.—No, Pip is not an Alsatian wolfhound. He is a—well, I really don't know what he is!

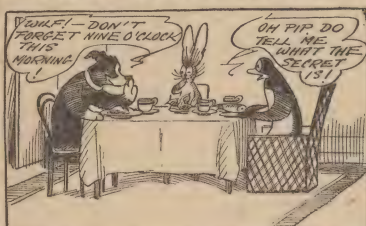
All of You.—Please write. I love to get your letters and hear all your news, although I haven't always enough time to answer.

"THAT'S A GOOD ONE!"

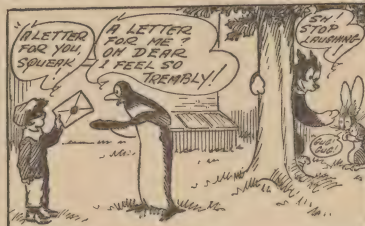
Father (looking at small son's school report): "I hope you are not afraid of hard work, Jack?" "Not a bit, dad. I don't take the slightest notice of it."

"Where does this road go to, please?" asked the cyclist. "I don't know as it goes anywhere, 'uns," replied the village yokel. "It's just stopped in the same place ever since I've been 'ere."

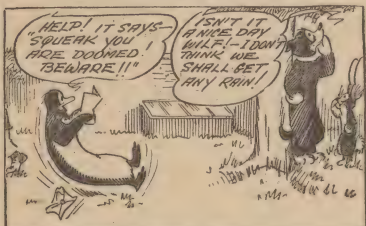
PIP'S SECRET SOCIETY TO STOP SEWING "BEES."



1. Squeak was puzzled by the mysterious behaviour of Pip and Wilfred at breakfast.



2. When she went out she was alarmed to see a little boy in a black mask—



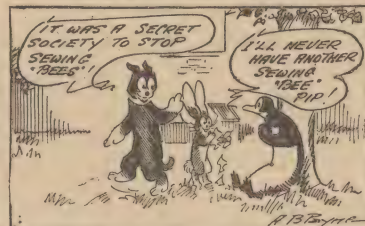
3. —who gave her a letter. It told her to "beware." Squeak nearly fainted!



4. Pip (who seemed to know something about it) said he would explain the mystery.



5. He told the poor penguin it was a secret society to stop sewing "bees."



6. Can you guess who is the head of the "secret society"? Ask Wilfred!



Holiday Appetites

BRIGHT days—holi—days. Days spent in the open air—by seaside or countryside—on tennis court or cricket field. Days that call for dainty meals and fruit in plenty. With Cerebos Custard, smooth, rich and creamy—to add its satisfying flavour.

CEREBOS CUSTARD

Cerebos Purity

FOOT TORTURES

CORNS, CALLOUSES, BLISTERS. Aching, Soreness, Swelling, Tenderness.

CURE AND PREVENT THEM WITH REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

Gives you Spa Treatment at your own home. Used and highly recommended by SIR HARRY LAUDER Famous Scottish Actor. HARRY PILGER - Ex World's Champion Boxer. JIMMY WILDE - Ex World's Champion Boxer. EUGENE CORRI - Ex World's Champion Boxer. ERNEST BARRY - Ex World's Champion Boxer. C. S. TURNER - Ex World's Champion Boxer. This World's Famous Bath and former Sergeant-Instructor of Physical Training in the Army, says this was by far the best, quickest acting, and most safely used of all preparations among the Allied soldiers. A half-pound of this remarkably curative compound can be obtained at slight cost from any chemist and will prove sufficient for even the most severe and obstinate cases. It also stops any rheumatic ache, pains or stiffness within ten minutes. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK.

Try it to-day!

and see what a great improvement it makes in your home-baking.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Your cakes, pastry, puddings and pies will be so much lighter, more digestible and appetising.

RHEUMATISM CURED

To further advertise our marvellous Galvanic Ring, which absolutely cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Nervous Disorders, and all kindred complaints, we have decided to give a quantity away. Write to-day for size-card, testimonials, particulars of free offer, etc.

GALVANIC RING CO. (Dept. D.M.), KEW, LONDON.

H.P. SAUCE

is unique — there's nothing like it nor so good.

Of all Grocers.

£500 for a Name



Will you win it?

Enter Fry's Name Competition. Buy a 6d. packet of "Belgrave" Chocolate to-day, and ask the confectioner for a copy of the Competition rules. Send your suggestions before

CLOSING DATE—AUGUST 14

If unable to obtain "Belgrave" Chocolate, send a postcard to J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., 2, Union Street, Bristol.

FRIGHTFUL, FAT, AND FORTY.

Are You Going To Be or Not?

I read a very alarming thing in the paper the other day. A New York doctor wrote: "We physicians cannot fail to view with alarm the increasing use of cosmetics. . . many a girl has already ruined her complexion by these things, and we tremble to think what many of the growing generation will look like when they reach forty. . . They are liable to be designated as 'frightful, fat, and forty.'"

It makes one think, doesn't it? After all, you must admit that even while you are pretty, slim, and twenty, cosmetics are not really as attractive as the real "roseleaf" complexion.

The "roseleaf" complexion is rare, you say? Yes—but it can be attained! All those sensible girls who use only pure mercerized wax for their skin, and the faintest dusting of some really good powder, have skins as lovely and delicate as any "milk and roses" heroine. And they know they will last. Forty, even sixty, has no terrors for them. Because the only way of conquering nature is by learning nature's methods and using them against her. That is what "science" means. Mercerized wax is successful because it is scientific.

About the "fat" menace? Careful diet, sufficient exercise, and an occasional course of clynel berries when there are signs of unduly increasing weight will soon take that off your mind—and body!—(Advt.)

Toilet Talk for the Tennis Girl.

How to keep the hair in curl for any length of time is a problem which so far has remained unsolved. That is, of course, except by those fortunate enough to be endowed with naturally wavy hair. The tennis girl seldom wears any hat and it behaved her therefore to make the hair look as attractive as possible. Who can appear at their best with wisps of straggly hair falling over the face? Life is robbed of half its pleasure, for it is undoubtedly the wavy haired girl who wins hearts and admiration in every sphere of life. Straight, greasy hair need be no bar to success providing a little salmerino is applied thereto just before retiring, and lightly brushed out in the morning. The result will be a delightful wavy effect giving quite a charming appearance to even a plain face. Most chemists keep a small supply of liquid salmerino in stock. Get about two ounces.

Stallax for a shampoo. Obtainable of all chemists.—(Advt.)

THE WORLD'S BEST WASHING POWDER—Sold by

3^d Per Pkt

6^d Per lb.

JAX

Selfridge & Co., Ltd.
John Quailly Branches.
Wm. Whitely, Ltd.
John Barker & Co., Ltd.
Army & Navy Stores.
Civil Service Supply Association.
Haymarket Stores.
A. W. Gamble, Ltd.
Jones Bros.
Also from Multiple Grocers and Oilmen.
Wholesale:
JAX, Ltd., 19/21, Hatton Garden, London.

YOU
and **3** others
May pay the Price

Your dentist will tell you that four people out of every five over forty have Pyorrhea. Thousands younger are also victims of this dangerous enemy. You can prevent Pyorrhea, or arrest its course, by the consistent use of Forhan's For the Gums in sufficient time. Brush your teeth with it. It will keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Economical to use—get it at all chemists.

Or send 2/6 for long-lasting tube to THE GUMS, 4-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

Brush your teeth with it

Specialist in DISEASES OF THE GUMS

RENTAL DENTISTS

Children's Dress

FROCKS AND FANCIES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HOME for the holidays! What a thrilling sound it has. Shut your eyes and take a deep breath. Don't you remember? Can't you hear the nursery sewing machine working overtime; see the pile of new cambrics and cottons and red fisher caps in which mother and Nan-nie are submerged; positively smell that rather exciting romantic smell new sandshoes have? Then the fervent vows to be still and good while the boxes are packed and the labels written—and daddy pretending that he's lost the tickets so we can't go after all! Oh! glorious holiday month of August.

COZY COATS.

Such jolly little striped cotton poplins and striped cotton tussore are being sold for the holiday baby's trousseau. Also lots of woven wool and silk stockinettes that make up into ducky little capes—just the thing for the stopping-out-after-bedtime occasions that make a seaside holiday the joy it is.

COAT QUESTION.

Then for best days there are delicious cozy coats of fluffy white Teddy Bear cloth, or, if the older child considers there a little too babyish there are blanket wraps in broad stripes and gorgeous colourings.

WHITE AND CRIMSON.

If you have attained the wonder of eight years or more you wear a middy blouse of cool white washing silk over a tan or navy pleated cashmere skirt. This is an excellent knockabout attire, and a particularly charming and effective one if you substituted dull crimson for the skirt, and dashing raffia sandals to match.



Child simplicity is the keynote of this little frock, with its neat tucks and one-sided collar.

I'VE told you about the muslin and flowered crepe sunbonnets which are the prettiest of all beach wear for babies. For extra sunshiny days you might choose one of the shady brimmed hats of crocheted fine white string which are incredibly light on the head, and look very attractive if trimmed with a simple swathing of cotton crepe.

NURSERY FASHIONS.

You will observe how grown-up fashions are finding their way to the nursery. All the little girls I've met at the season's smartest functions have had scarf collars tying up on their shoulders and flounces and pleated apron panels on their little skirts. Now sleeveless party frocks are the thing. To wear even puff sleeves is, in the public opinion of the nursery, too banal for anything.

WOOL FOR BABES.

There is never any fear of bronchitis if baby is dressed in pure wool. It is a cheap and effective safeguard.

SLEEPING SUITS.

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WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUE

By
VALENTINE



"It is not for me to contradict m'sieu, but there is at least one other man in this town who would agree with me that that photo is the living image of M'sieu Denton!"

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

JOHN SMITH, a clean-living, wholesome young Englishman, is running a curio shop for a comrade injured in the war, when one day he is able to save a pretty girl from a taxi-cab accident. She proves to be Peggy Chelsfield, only daughter of Dr. Chelsfield, a kindly man, who thanks John Smith warmly for his services.

Reginald Sturry, heir to a baronetcy, is a frequent visitor to the Chelsfields. He is jealous when he sees the rippling intimacy between Smith and Peggy, and, proposing to Peggy, is refused. A remark let fall by Peggy's uncle, Sir Martin Wyvold, K.C., suggests the existence of something discreditable in John Smith's past, and Sturry cunningly makes inquiries and gets on the track of the truth.

John's aunts, Mary and Rebecca Tison, have brought him up in complete ignorance of the fact that he is the son of John Parman-Smith, who received seven years' penal servitude for fraud eighteen years ago and disappeared after his release. He is at his aunts' house when his father unexpectedly returns. The old ladies persuade John's father to keep his identity a secret, and are dismayed when John takes a liking to him and gives him employment in his shop.

In a quarrel with Sturry, John learns that his father was responsible for Dr. Chelsfield's ruin in earlier years, and he cannot now ask Peggy to marry him, although he loves her desperately. He ceases to visit the house and Peggy is heartbroken. Sir Martin acquaints Peggy and her father, separately, with the reason of John's absence, and gets them to promise to do nothing until a friend of his, Francis Eddington, has sifted the whole truth of the Parman-Smith frauds.

Eddington goes to Paris with Sturry for a holiday and makes some secret inquiries.

OLD FRIENDS.

"HULLO, my friend, what's up?" exclaimed Eddington.

"M'sieu!" exclaimed the old man. "A thousand pardons, but I recognise him. His name is George Denton. Fifteen years ago he was a regular customer."

"Mistaken identity, my friend," answered Eddington. "That's his cousin, as it happens, and his name isn't a little bit like George Denton."

"It is not for me to contradict m'sieu, but there is at least one other man in this town who would agree with me that that photo is the living image of M'sieu Denton."

Eddington laughed incredulously. "If m'sieu should care to go to my friend, Jacques Thiers, chef de gare, maybe he will find that I am right."

Eddington bade him good-day, and the same evening he made an opportunity to leave Sturry in their hotel and went out into the town alone.

"While we are over here," suggested Eddington the next morning, "why not wander round and explore all the golf courses in the neighbourhood? I've got a roving spirit on me and I want to indulge it."

"My dear fellow," said Sturry lazily, "anything you like. The gov'nor doesn't seem in a hurry to wait me home. He sends his regards to you, and asks me to tell you that he's secured those shares for you."

"Good of him," murmured Eddington. "Wonderful brain, his, you know. No details too small for him to miss."

"Always was like that," rejoined the other. "I remember when we lived out here. . . ."

"Oh, of course," interrupted Eddington. "I forgot all about that. This is your part of the world, isn't it? We must jog over to—Orleans,

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

wasn't it?—before we go, and you must show me where you lived."

"I haven't been there since I was a kid," said Sturry, lighting a cigarette. "You'll have a fit when you see the house we lived in. Those were our broke days."

"Your father was in business there, wasn't he? I remember him telling me. Just as precise in all his business habits then, I suppose?"

"Absolutely. Left by the same train every morning, came back by the same train every night. Even his trips over to England were at regular intervals for a regular period."

"And always the same quiet, reserved man?"

"Always—I from my very earliest recollection. In those days, old thing, he wouldn't even discuss his business. The matter would never dare question him. He used to say he'd left his business behind at the office."

"Quite right, too," nodded Eddington. "Men ought to do that. You can see at a glance, Reggie, that your father's a big man. There's something striking about him—something you can't miss. I should think he must have been quite a fine-looking chap as a young man?"

"I've heard the matter say so," Sturry sounded caustic. "That was before he had a serious illness, after which he grew a beard and took to glasses."

"I never heard about that."

"I was in England at the time; it's about fifteen years ago. I never knew about it till he was convalescent. He kept it from me—said he didn't want me worried. Rather like him, you know. Hates fuss."

"Very considerate of him not to worry you."

"Oh, the gov'nor's not really considerate," said Sturry with a little laugh. "He's peculiar!"

Four days later Sturry and Eddington motored over to Orleans, and Eddington insisted on being shown the house where his friend used to live. As they were getting into the car Sturry drew his friend's attention to an elderly Frenchman of somewhat feeble gait who was coming down the street.

"See him?" he asked. "He was our doctor when we lived here. Rum-looking old bird, isn't he? He won't remember me from Adam."

"Oh, let's stop him and give him a surprise," exclaimed Eddington. "I'd just love to see his face when you tell him who you are."

"Funny chap you are, Frank," grinned his friend. "Still, if you want to."

The old man's face lighted up at Sturry's introductory words, and he shook hands with him excitedly.

"Ah, my young friend," he exclaimed in excellent English "what a surprise—and what a pleasure! And your good father—an English milord now, is he not?"

Sturry introduced Eddington. "You will both come back to my villa?" suggested Dr. Mantion. "Oh, but please no. My villa will be charmed. She remembers you, M'sieu Sturry, when you were un petit garçon. I live quite near here."

Eddington accepted with alacrity. Sturry didn't seem quite so keen when the doctor's house and were putting down the road, he said to Eddington, rather crossly:—

"Why did you accept that old fool's invitation? I don't know whether I told you before, but it's our last day. I've heard from my gov'nor that he expects me back—there are all sorts of arrears of work. I thought we were never going to get away."

"My dear old fellow," said Eddington contritely. "I hadn't a notion you didn't want to go. Frankly, I only agreed, thinking I was doing you a good turn. . . . I thought, as he was an old friend of yours. . . ."

"Oh, that's all right," said Sturry mollified. "It isn't all right, it's all wrong. I was horribly bored myself, but I didn't like to show it, because he was an old friend of yours. Well, well, what a duncehead I am!"

The next morning Sturry strolled into his friend's room, whistling cheerily. "Not out of bed, old thing; why, it's—hullo, what's up?"

Eddington turned half-open, pain-wracked eyes to him. "My old trouble, curse it," he said. "Touch of malaria. Just taken my temperature—103. I shall be here, I'm afraid, for forty-eight hours."

Sturry sat down carelessly on the edge of the bed. "Shall I send for a vet.?"

The other shook his head. "No need to. He can't do anything. I can doctor myself just as well as he can. I've just taken thirty grains of quinine. I'm afraid, old boy, you'll have to go without me."

Sturry whistled.

"I can't very well stay. The gov'nor hates to be crossed when he's expressed a wish. Bit of a martinet."

"You pop off and catch the boat," said Eddington. "With any luck, I'll be up the day after to-morrow, and I'll come straight across."

"Tough luck," replied the other. "Sure you wouldn't like a doctor?"

"Quite sure."

For a few moments after Sturry had gone Eddington lay quite still. Then he sat up in bed and stretched himself as unlike a sick man as could well be imagined.

"Waste of good time," he murmured to himself. "Horrible waste of good time. Still, it was the only safe way, after all. I can't afford to run any risks."

A STRANGE STORY.

LATER the same morning Eddington got into his car, and the road he took was in the direction of Orleans. He pulled up outside the house of Dr. Mantion, and there was evidently some engine trouble, for he got down and peered inside the bonnet. He was busy collecting tools when the old Frenchman himself appeared at the garden gate.

"Ah, m'sieu!" he exclaimed. "An unexpected pleasure, indeed! But how fortunate—outside my house! Will you come in and take a glass of wine?"

"Most fortunate indeed!" replied Eddington. "Thanks awfully!"

Together they went into the house. "And M'sieu Sturry, where is he?" queried the Frenchman.

Eddington explained that he had been suddenly called away.

"You knew his father, didn't you?" he asked presently, as the two sat there smoking.

"Oh, very well," replied the other. "I attended him in his illness many years ago."

"So I heard. One can't imagine a man like him having a bad illness—he looks so eminently active and healthy."

"M'sieu, you voice my own thoughts. Of all puzzling illnesses I have ever met, M'sieu Sturry's was the most puzzling."

"Really? May one ask in what way, or am I suggesting a branch of professional etiquette?"

"Oh, by no means. M'sieu Sturry—and I often discussed it together afterwards. It was the curious anæsthetic, m'sieu, of a man whose mind had suddenly, for no reason, given out."

"Given out?" asked Eddington incredulously.

"Yes, strange though it may sound. I was called in on the seventh day, because his wife was desperate. It appears that he came home

one evening apparently a little worried, and retired to bed. The next day he said he wasn't well enough to get up. His wife suggested a doctor, and he flatly refused. After five days, during which he had taken practically no nourishment at all and seemed almost light-headed, his wife called me in. M'sieu Sturry flew into a violent passion when he saw me, and I really thought he was going to assault me, but he quietened down eventually, and I managed to examine him."

"I could find nothing the matter with him organically. Eventually I was forced to conclude that he was suffering from overwork, and I prescribed complete rest. He lay there for nearly three months. During that period he would have alternate fits of improvement and relapse. Then, gradually, his memory seemed to come back to him, and by degrees he improved. One day, to my surprise, he announced his intention of taking a long sea voyage with his wife. Naturally, I applauded the idea. A few days later he paid me a handsome cheque, sold his house and went off. He wrote to me some months after, saying that he was completely cured. Now, I understand, he is a prosperous London merchant."

"It only shows what a delicate mechanism the brain is," mused Eddington thoughtfully. "How fortunate, too, that he was his own master. Had he been a dependent on a firm one might almost have suspected that he was malingering, eh?" with his charming smile.

"Frankly, m'sieu," admitted the other, smiling in his turn. "I should have found myself at a loss as to what to call such an illness. To this day I couldn't put any specific name to his malady."

"Ah, well," replied Eddington, "all's well that ends well. I take it it's not likely to return. Seeing that it's five years since it happened—"

"Pardon, m'sieu! Fifteen years!"

"Oh, impossible, doctor! You've made a mistake. It's not five years since he left France. His son told me so."

"M'sieu," said the doctor quietly. "I know. What is more, I can prove it to you. Pardon me one moment."

He left the room, and in a few moments came back, a small ledger in his hand.

"You see, m'sieu," he laid the open book before Eddington. "There is the date of the first occasion on which I was called in to M'sieu Sturry."

"Well, I'm hanged!" said the other, with a laugh. "Fancy his own son making such a mistake as that!"

During the remainder of his visit to the doctor he was in amazingly high spirits.

(Another fine instalment to-morrow.)



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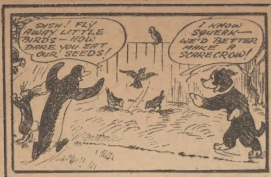
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THE DAILY MIRROR, Friday, July 27, 1923.

Pets' 1,000 Miles Tour: See Uncle Dick's Letter



The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

Turn to page 11 and read—

—about the pets' seaside tour.

SOME FINE JUMPERS AND OTHER WINNERS AT THE TUNBRIDGE WELLS STOCK SHOW



A fine horse going finely over the water.



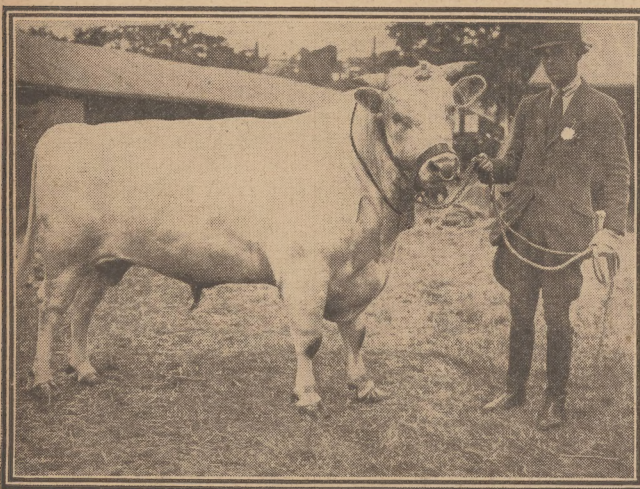
Mr. Haydon's Carshalton Mattie, first prize winner.



Another good jumper takes the gate cleanly.



The harness class, lined up for the judges in the big ring, made a very smart and workmanlike show.



Mr. R. O. Hermon's Lock Maurice III., a prize-winning Dairy Shorthorn bull.



Tunbridge Wells Agricultural Show had a splendid second day yesterday, and in fair weather a huge crowd found great interest in the competitions in the big ring. Some brilliant jumpers went round the course, and in the harness classes there were several exceptionally smart turn-outs.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)